

THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE,

AND

Phi Beta Kappa Repository.

FIDE AC FIDUCIA.

No. 3.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1825.

VOL. I.

LITERARY.

THE MONIED MAN: AN OUTLINE.

OLD JACOB STOOK!—The changes of the 'Change were not more punctual in proclaiming the progress of time, than in marking the regularity of his visits to the good old Lady in Threadneedle-street, and her opposite neighbour in Bartholomew-lane.—His devotion to them was exemplary. In vain the wind and the rain, the hail or the sleet, battled against his rugged front. Nor the slippery ice, nor the thick-falling snow, nor the whole artillery of elementary warfare, could check the plodding perseverance of the man of the world, or tempt him to lose the chance which the morning, how unpropitious soever it seemed in its external aspect, might yield him of profiting by the turn of a fraction.

He was a stout-built, round-shouldered, squab-looking man, of a bearish aspect.—His features were hard, and his heart was harder. You could read the interest-table in the wrinkles on his brow, trace the rise and fall of stocks by the look of his countenance; while avarice, selfishness, and money-getting, glared from his gray, glassy eye. Nature had poured no balm into his breast, nor was his "gross and earthly mould" ever susceptible of pity. A single look of his would daunt the most importunate petitioner that ever attempted to extract hard coin by the soft rhetoric of a heart-moving tale. The wife of one whom he had known in better days, pleaded before him for her sick husband and famishing infants. Jacob, on occasions like these, was a man of few words. He was as chary of them as of his money, and he let her come to the end of her tale without interruption.—She paused for a reply; but he gave none. "Indeed, he is very ill, Sir."—"Can't help it."—"We are very distressed."—"Can't help it."—"Our poor children, too."—"Can't help that neither." The petitioner's eye looked a mournful reproach, which would have interpreted itself to any other heart but his, "Indeed you can;" but she was silent. Jacob felt more awkwardly

than he had ever done in his life. His hand involuntarily scrambled about his breeches' pocket. There was something like the weakness of human nature stirring within him. Some coin had unconsciously worked its way into his hand—his fingers unsensibly closed; but the effort to draw them forth, and the impossibility of effecting it without unclosing them, roused the dormant selfishness of his nature, and restored his self-possession. "He has been very extravagant."—"Ah! Sir, he has been unfortunate, not extravagant."—"Unfortunate? Ah! it's the same thing. Little odds, I fancy. For my part, I wonder how folks *can* be unfortunate. I was never unfortunate. Nobody need be unfortunate, if they look after the main chance.* I always looked after the main chance."—"He has had a large family to maintain."—"Ah! married foolishly; no offence to you, ma'am. But when poor folks marry poor folks, what are they to look for, you know? Besides, he was so foolishly fond of assisting others. If a friend was sick, or in a gaol, out came his purse, and then his creditors might go whistle. Now, if he had married a woman with money, you know, why then....." The suppliant turned pale, and would have fainted. Jacob was alarmed; not that he sympathized, but a woman's fainting was a scene he had not been used to; besides, there was an awkwardness about it. So he desperately extracted a crown-piece from the depth profound, and thrust it hastily into her hand.—The action recalled her wandering senses. She blushed: 'twas the honest blush of pride at the meanness of the gift. She curtsied; staggered towards the door; opened it; closed it; raised her hand to her forehead, and burst into tears.

No man had a more thorough conviction of the omnipotence of wealth. "Every man has his price," was his favourite axiom, as well as Sir Robert Walpole's; and, while he looked upon high mental talents with that half-felt, half-feigned contempt, arising from conscious inferiority, he gloried in boasting, or fancying, that money could purchase

* "The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule, That every man in want is knave or fool."—POPE.

them, and that he had that money. He certainly had never read Horace; but he was quite of his opinion,

"Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque et amicos,
Et genus et formam, regina pecunia donat."

"That doubtless mighty gold all joys will bring;
Wit, genius, beauty, friendship—every thing."

The necessities of genius had frequently become subservient to his purpose, when he had occasion to develop his speculative plans in language somewhat more readable than his own uncouth 'Change Alley jargon. 'Twas a glorious triumph to him to induce unfavourable comparisons between the possessor of brains and the possessor of wealth. "You see, now, I can employ you, and you are glad to be employed; whereas you couldn't buy and sell me in that way. So what's the use of genius, and learning, and literature, and all that rubbish, when it's to be had for any body's penny? Why need my son (if I ever have one) bore his brains with Latin and Greek, and grammar and stuff? seeing he can buy the use on't when he wants it, the same as I am buying you, and all for a mere song, as a body may say. 'Twas a fine thing to teach us at school, that learning was better than house or land; but I fancy I know which is best now: I've a notion that I do. I guess learning would do me little good without the needful. A pocket-full of gold is better than a head-full of brains; except, mayhap, the brains that put a man in the way of getting on in the world."

Jacob was a bachelor. Sixty summers had passed over his head without imparting a ray of warmth to his heart; without exciting one tender feeling for the sex, deprived of whose cheering presence, the paradise of the world were a wilderness of weeds. Gallantry formed no part of his composition. He regarded the civility of every pretty woman as a covert attack upon his purse, and an attempt to entrap him in the toils of matrimony. "He was resolved, he said, not to be cajoled out of his liberty, by soft tongues and pretty faces: women loved the money, if they didn't care a fig for the man. Besides, it was a bad world; and he wouldn't be the means of bringing more miseries into it." But if he cared little for the society of females, he was selfish enough to know, that he could not enjoy the comforts of life without their assistance; so he selected a coarse buxom spinster, to superintend his economical establishment, uniting all the domestic offices in her own individual person. There was no danger that her beauty would tempt him to break his vow of celibacy. He chose her philosophically, as an antidote to desire; like the anchorite who placed before him a death's head, as a *memento mori*, to guard him from the seductions of cupidity. She bore no unapt

resemblance to those squab figures of Chinese manufacture, that used to deck the mantle-shelves of our grandfathers; short, fat, wide-mouthed, and blowsy. She looked like a dwarf apple-tree, stunted in its altitude; or as if she had been confined in a low-roofed cage; and nature, prevented by the roof from shooting higher, had vented itself in circumference. With such a companion, Jacob thought he was not likely to be led into temptation; so on he went, plodding, as heretofore; neither looking to his right hand nor to his left; carefully picking his way, without being allured by the gay flowers that sprang up in his path; having no eyes for the beauties of nature, or the splendour of heaven; no ears for the melody of sweet sounds; no relish for the creations of intellect. Beauty, wit, and genius poured forth their treasures in vain; and the painter's skill, the poet's fancy—all that imagination had conceived, or art accomplished—appealed to a being, sheathed in the impenetrable mail of worldly wisdom; "*sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.*"

Deep thinkers are said to be deep drinkers. I think not. But, be this as it may, it is very certain, that there are no better gastronomists than those who never think at all; and the digestive powers seem, in most instances, in exact proportion to the deficiency of intellect. Jacob Stock was an illustration of all this. Money-getting was the one idea that absorbed his whole soul; there was no place in it for any other feeling; and beyond that, his predilections and sensations were purely animal. No man was better constituted by physical capacity for great feats at city-dinners. Mountains of flesh and fowl, formidable arrays of turtle and venison, vanished before his demolishing prowess; and on Lord Mayor's day, he revelled in an epicurean paradise. He soiled more clean plates than an alderman, and was looked up to, in point of individual achievement, as the very father of civic feasting; the gown and chain men scarcely excepted. But, proficient as Jacob was on all public occasions of mastication, he was rarely tempted to witness similar exploits at his own table. There were one or two occasions, indeed, which he signalized in this way: such as his election to the common council, and once when he had driven an excellent bargain in tallow. But these were mere solitary instances, and nowise affecting the general cautiousness of his character, which was very tender of involving the responsibility of his own purse, in acts of good fellowship or generosity.

Jacob, though a shrewd man, and abundantly stocked with worldly wisdom, had one weak point. He was egregiously fond of flattery. I ask the observant reader, him, I mean, who finds food for speculation

In the fantastic variety of the human character, and gathers something for his stock of knowledge from each individual he encounters in his path,—I ask if it ever struck him, as a prominent peculiarity, that those who affect it the least are the most susceptible of this insinuating quality, and that your thorough-bred men of the world, who are so sensibly impressed with the importance of wealth, as to expect for it universal homage, are, in this respect, among the weakest?—Jacob, with his rough exterior, seemed to set flattery at defiance. You would as soon think of soothing an untamed bear with the melody of a lute; yet his weakness in this point formed, in fact, the groundwork of an event, the most important in his whole existence. His comfortable, accommodating housekeeper, who seemed, good easy soul! the quintessence of meekness and submission, had in her composition some lurking seeds of ambition; and sundry circumstances combined to rouse them into expansion. She knew her patron was rich; and she knew he had no notion of sharing his wealth. She had witnessed the discomfiture of ladies, richer than herself in adventitious advantages, superior in external accomplishments, and armed with all the arts of her sex. She had even seen beauty and wealth, united in the same person, disarmed of their potency, and unable to pass the impenetrable barrier of worldly interest and self-love that circumvallated his heart. What chance of success, then, could there be for her, deficient as she was in personal attractions, and destitute of the magnetism of gold? Where we suspect not, we are apt to forego our usual caution. A man would hide his watch-chain and seals, if he mingled with a promiscuous mob, or thought of encountering a thief; but he would hardly think of using this precaution in the private circle of a well-dressed company. Jacob, who was proof against the attacks of ladies abroad, laid aside his reserve and his suspicion when at home; he felt there was no need of them; and all this the shrewd spinster was aware of. She had studied his peculiarities, and knew where he was vulnerable. She began by covertly applauding his prudence; insinuated hints of the agreeableness of his person, habits, and disposition: first with the deference of an inferior; and then, as she saw the bait took, with something more like the independent opinion of an equal.—She gained ground wonderfully, because he never suspected the motive. In the very triumph of her career, he fell ill. She nursed him assiduously; and was detected two or three times, when he drew back the curtains, sitting by his bedside, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. These, with a few of the arts that female ingenuity so well understands, made rapid advances in

Jacob's heart. He recovered; and he saw joy for that recovery beaming in the eyes of the only being who had ever (as he thought) regarded him disinterestedly. This could not be the mere attachment of a domestic; it was love. Jacob, with all his hostility against the sex, was not proof against the gratifying feeling of being beloved for one's self alone. Besides, 'she had never told her love;' she never hinted it; but seemed to carry the oppressive secret at her heart. A *chef-d'œuvre* on her part crowned the jest. She gave him notice of her intention to quit his service. A relation, she said, had offered her an asylum, in a retired village. She grieved to leave the best—kindest—of masters (here she sobbed;) but her health was drooping, and she wished to try the effect of country air. This step showed Jacob the exact state of his heart. He felt that he could not live without the society of a being, who, from the force of habit, or some cause or other, had become necessary to his happiness. "He ponder'd on't," and was resolute. He "shrunk back upon himself, and startled" at the novelty of his own thoughts. He detected his heart in the indulgence of a feeling it had been the business of his life to suppress; and all the selfishness of his nature was roused to action. But its opposition was momentary. Her prudence, good-temper, economy, and undoubted attachment stood forth in formidable array, and bid fair to outweigh all prudential considerations.

"The tempter saw her time—the work she plied."

In the midst of these *pro* and *con* deliberations, she contrived to throw in his way, as if by chance, a journal of petty sums she had saved him at sundry times, which she had honestly accounted for; and another paper, of even more importance, in the eyes of Jacob, than the saving of money—her will, in which she had left the residue of her scanty earnings to "the best of masters." This was the *ultima manus*. He succumbed to Dan Cupid; and in the short period of a few months, the fat housekeeper became the lawful spouse of one of the richest men in the city of London.

In a brief space, Jacob discovered that he had been cajoled out of his liberty. He stormed and raved, and fumed and fretted accordingly, with the restlessness of a panther shut up in a cage; but in vain. The knot that bound him was tied too fast to be loosened by the tooth of a disappointed old man. He sunk into the feeble inertness that usually succeeds to unbounded rage. He was compelled to view, with forbearing patience, the ravages of an extravagant woman on a fortune which had hitherto known no diminution; and forced to smile acquiescence, though he secretly writhed in agony. To have encountered a disappointment in

temper, disposition, affection; to have found her love, indifference; her suavity, deceit: all this he could have borne: he could have endured having been tricked out of his heart; but to superadd to these, the waste of his darling treasure, the one absorbing good, in which he had bound up his whole soul—this was indeed, a burthen too grievous to be borne. He fretted; he was sick at heart. When asked how he did, he shook his head, and looked grave. His iron countenance assumed a cadaverous aspect, and his sullen eyes, sunk in their sockets, gave indications of incipient atrophy. To his other afflictions was now added a phantasy that haunted him hourly. He thought he should die for want. So strong a hold had this megrim on his imagination, that it allowed him no repose; and, in twelve months after the fatal vow that had destroyed his peace, he was borne to the family-vault of the Stocks, leaving behind him half a million sterling, at the disposal of his domestic tyrant.

Going the other night to the theatre very late, and finding it crowded, I was obliged to mount up to the pigeon-holes for want of a seat. The reader knows this situation.—Standing-room is nothing to it. In standing-room you have the scene before you; you are in the secret of all that is going forward; there is no necessity to hazard your neck in order to catch a good thing; and besides (if you are a man) you may chance to get the ninth part of a seat. But in the pigeon-holes! There is a bench, it is true, if you wish to sit down, and count the opposite sufferers—though not always that. Furthermore, you may go out, and look vainly in at every other door; or you may stay, and see love made in a style that might edify a footman. The other night, there was a gay fellow with his hat on one side, and a diamond on his finger, playing the rake towards a poor giggling damsel, with all the patronizing airs of a lord. I gave a look at him, when I had the face, and recognised (by all that's brilliant!) my glazier! But if you wish to hear or to see—first, there are the horrible previous comers, who have anticipated your seat;—then you lean over, to the detriment of some gentleman's or lady's head, making apologies for permission to risk your life;—thirdly, you hear nothing but the noisy part of a song, or the undistinguishable joke that sets every body else laughing;—and fourthly, you have the satisfaction of discerning the top of some actor's head, or making acquaintance with the lion and unicorn, or reflecting on the exalted adversity that has set you on a level with the gods.

Did nobody in the pigeon-holes ever long to crack a few skulls in the pit, especially when they were laughing? I used to wonder how any one could throw a bottle from

the galleries; but it must have been on some such provocation. I could scarcely go as far as that; but an orange or a hard apple, particularly on a bald head, (which always appears eminently snug in company) I could with difficulty resist. One ought to be paid somehow for being put to such a disadvantage. The very height has something distressing; the more so, as the front is provided with a safety-rail, to remind us of it.

Half-way down

Hangs one has dropp'd a play-bill,
Methinks he seems no wiser than his head.
The player-men, that walk upon the stage,
Appear fore-shortened; and you ranting voice
Diminish'd to a bark; the bark a cough,
Almost too small to hear. The murmuring joke,
That makes the unnumber'd idle pitmen laugh,
Cannot be heard so high I'll try no more.

The worst of all is, when you catch the burthen of some jovial song, or seem to catch it; for the sound is ambiguous. At the farce the other night, there was a noisy little fellow, who had the stage to himself, singing with great pomp and satisfaction some gallant common-place, the burthen of which sounded in my ear like the words "Little old boy." Doubtless it was no such thing; but the effect was as good as if it had been. There he stood, master of that large field of boards, with every other corner of the house crowded to suffocation, running his quips and flourishes in the most received style upon the cadence, and so coming to his eternal conclusion—*ti-diddle-iddle-iddle*.—*Little—Old—Boy*. On *ti-diddle* he was affectionate, yet easy; but at *little* he always resumed his pomp and loudness, and finished with dignity and decision on the words *old* and *boy*. I think I hear him now, his *and's* and his *oi's*, and an occasional thrust out of an arm. I say, hear an arm, because you have only to hear the sound to be certain of the gesture.

I longed to have my revenge of this fellow; and was glad afterwards I was not a critic, or it might have gone hard with him. The insolent excess of his elbow room, his perfect content with both song and house, the satisfaction of the audience, and my own close, unhearing, unseeing condition, with the gods in their divine perceptions, giving shouts of acknowledgment, and my friend the glazier cocking his hat and eye in an amorous abstraction, presented a conspiracy of contentment not to be endured. I devoted the Little Old Boy to the Old Gentleman, and closing the door after me to shut the house upon itself, came away, not the better pleased for the box-keeper, who asked me with an equivocal air, if he should take my coat.

The celebrated Buffon asked Rivarol what he thought of his son? (who was not the man who invented gunpowder.) "Why, Sir," replied Rivarol, "I think he is the poorest chapter of your natural history."

FOR THE

NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE.

Of the affections of which human nature is susceptible, none is comparable to the exchange of filial and parental tenderness. The necessities of situation and circumstance may obtrude upon its union; the struggles of wasting care may accelerate its final doom; but, although the gall of life mingles even with this consecrated gift of the Deity, its heaven-born instinct, staff of this barren pilgrimage, invigorates declining years, and, reciprocated by true sensibility, alleviates the calamities of this disastrous world. Alas! that a sentiment thus capable of lightening the burden, and grafting flowers upon the thorns of existence, should bear the infusion of its greatest evils. When in protracted separation the soul tastes in advance the bitterness of the parting hour, and the glow of anticipation is perhaps terminated by the bereavement of the grave, who shall tell the tumults of this anguish—the fearful incredulity of its first apprehension; the desolating admission of its permanent despair: the chords of the heart unstrung, cease to vibrate in unison with any one sentiment of affection; and with a wound bleeding for life, in the annihilation of this strong principle of being, we are taught how vain is expectation, how futile all earthly hope, how precarious all sublimary felicity!

C. L.

[We would suggest to our correspondents the adoption of some signature, or the use of initials, to distinguish their respective productions. A personal acquaintance with our "correspondent at command," we should welcome among the pleasing events of our life.—EDITOR.]

NEWS FROM CROSSBASKET.

Mr. Topic is under the disagreeable necessity of stating that on the breaking up of his last dinner party, Mr. Auldlochtan, the narrator of the Bridal Eve, was found under the table, having previously introduced daylight to the bottom of two bottles of Madeira and one of Champagne. In consequence of this, the continuation of the story is unavoidably postponed for one week. Mr. A.

was immediately put under a course of proverbs and soda water, and is now able to distinguish his left hand from his right.—Henceforth Mr. Topic will direct his servant to set one bottle of claret only before Mr. A. whenever he gives a blow-out.

Portrait of Napoleon.—Bonaparte's person had nothing of that morbid fulness which I had been led to look for. On the contrary, I scarcely recollect to have seen a form more expressive of strength, and even vigour. It is true that he was very large, considering his height, which was about five feet seven inches; but his largeness had nothing of unwieldiness. The fine proportion of his limbs, which has been often noticed, was still preserved. His legs, although very muscular, had the exactest symmetry. His whole form, indeed, was so closely knit, that firmness might be said to be its striking characteristic. His standing posture had a remarkable statue-like fixedness about it, which seemed scarcely to belong to the graceful ease of his step. The most remarkable character of his countenance was, to me, its variableness. Bonaparte had the habit of earnestly gazing for a few seconds upon the person whom he was about to address; and whilst thus occupied, hold his features in perfect repose. The character of his countenance in this state, especially when viewed in profile, might be called settled design; but the instant that he entered into conversation, his features expressed any force or kind of emotion with suddenness and ease. His eye, especially, seemed not only to alter its expression, but its colour. I am sure, had I only noticed it while the muscles of the face, and particularly of the forehead, were in play, I should have called it a very dark eye; on the contrary, when at rest, I had remarked its light colour and peculiar glary lustre. Nothing indeed, could better prove its changeable character than the difference of opinion which occurred amongst us respecting its colour. Although each person of the embassy naturally fixed his attention on Napoleon's countenance, all did not agree on the colour of his eyes. There was nothing in the appearance of Bonaparte which led us to think that his health had at all suffered from his captivity. On the contrary, his repletion seemed to be the consequence of active nourishment. His form had all that tone, and his movement all that elasticity, which indicate and spring from powerful health. Indeed, whatever sympathy we felt for the situation of any of the prisoners, received no increase from any commiseration for their bodily sufferings: they were all in excellent plight.—*Abel's Journey in China.*

THE ESSAYIST.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

RAIN! rain! incessant—pouring rain!—Pshaw! I may gaze out of the window without seeing one ground on which to cherish a hope of cessation—may descend to the door to examine the horizon, and endeavour to ask the scudding, pelting, pitiless, gloomy clouds, if they mean ever to end their unwelcome and unsparing deluge—may gaze till my eyes ache, and ascend and descend till my legs rebel—'tis all in vain!—It is a set-in day of rain, and no prospect of abatement. No sooner does a sunny blink chance for a moment to look faintly out on the dripping, cheerless scene, than a leviathan of a cloud obscures its slender promise, and again, plash! plash! plash!—the fast-descending drops chill one into despair. Morning, noon, have passed restlessly away, in the vain expectation of a favourable change offering encouragement to venture on my route. But no!

There now seems to remain nothing for it but to exert my philosophy, and make up my mind to another night's solitary sojourn at the inn—the inn of the once resorted-to ——. I have no better resource—and what must be, is best cheerfully submitted to. To look out of the window on the deserted street of the village, through which the liquid descent is running in little rivulets—or to pace my chamber, now venting unavailing wishes for its becoming fair, now indulging in half-fretful ruminating, is not the better way to dissipate my chagrin—to reconcile me to my fate. I will have recourse to my pen, and leave my vexation and its source to themselves, to evaporate as they best may.

How short-sighted are the views—how circumscribed the resolves—how evanescent the hopes of man, the creature of time, and change and chance! I could—but must not moralize. Reader, art thou a fox-hunter? Suppose a fine, soft evening, in the month of February, to-morrow's fixture with a "crack pack" within five miles—certain to find—a rare country for a run:—"There will be glorious sport to-morrow," exclaims my friend Rideout, as keen and devoted a sportsman with hounds as ever "swished a rasper," "flew a brook," or "led at a five-feet fortification with ditches not to be sneezed at!" "Brush,"—to his head groom—"Brush, have Pleader set over-night—I'll hunt him to-morrow—by Jove! we'll show 'em 'the trick'—have him at cover-side at half-after ten, Brush—O we'll have a prime day!"—Suppose this, and suppose my friend R. disappointed—and what can try a man more? Well; not very dissimilar is the disappointment I am wincing under; yet have I often smiled to see him fretting and

fuming over a casualty no mortal could either have escaped or averted. Who may calculate on to-morrow—who dare decide it shall see him follow a prescribed course—shall answer his expectations of a pleasure he has predetermined shall be his? Did not every thing seem to insure a mild and high-scenting morning—to promise every means and appliance for sport, when R. turned him to repose—to anticipate, in dreams, the delights of to-morrow?

"To-morrow didst thou say?
Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar."

To-morrow sees Pleader only taking his airing—sees Reynard skulk in undisturbed security in his retreat. It proves a hard freeze, and my friend's high-raised hopes are nipt in the bud. He frets, and grumbles, and is out of his usual good-humour all day; for having set his heart on this particular pursuit, and made assured of its enjoyment, he is unprepared for, and dwells on disappointment, and feels as if unbinged for any other by its loss. But this is worse than foolish. A man should ever strive to put down such unworthy repinings—such weak and churlish impatience of other good, because in one point he has been doomed to encounter an unexpected temporary drawback. It is taking from an interest—inflicting added vexation, because that over which one can have no control, has already visited one with too much—enough to over-set equanimity. What folly this! yet how many Rideouts, under various complexions of circumstances, do we not daily see! It is very easy to frame a plan for to-morrow—to say we shall enjoy this pleasure; but where there exist contingents, one should always advert to them—nor, under any circumstances, allow disappointment to bear down every thing before it. When it is one's inevitable lot to experience it, it is at once good sense and good policy to shut out unavailing regrets; and if it has its origin in some unlooked-for impediment to one pursuit, turning with unrepining good-will to another, will bring its own reward, by consigning to oblivion irritation-retrospective, in reference to the former, and giving contrasted zest to the amount of enjoyment accompanying the latter. When the spirits have received a sudden check in one channel, they estimate the higher the channel which gives them vent. What hours are more unhappy than those where restless ennui is allowed to play the satellite to a morning whose intended occupation of pleasure some non-calculated chance has annihilated! One is at once unhappy, and the unhappiness is self-imposed. When pleasure is well-nigh the business of life, and the difficulty seems to be to find objects of interest to fill up the

void of circling hours—and with many to whom Fortune has been too kind it is so—such a morning, attendant upon some anticipated, some arranged pursuit, to which a luckless barrier has been interposed, is not less than a misery. The unwillingness to enter on any other mode of employing the time, or, if entered on, to sour it, by brooding over and recurring to what has proved unattainable, seems an inherent weakness, and, when cherished, carries its own severe punishment. It grows—a repining temper ever grows—by indulgence. The more we repine, the greater our reason. In many schemes for enjoyment, fine weather is a *sine qua non*. Yet what more variable—what more uncompromising? It can neither be reasoned, flattered, nor threatened into a reciprocity with our wishes. Still fixtures with hounds are named—excursions, rural and aquatic, planned—pic-nics and *fêtes-champêtres* arranged, days before-hand. And who has not witnessed, under some of these circumstances—when the weather has proved adverse—murmurings and repinings, and gloom? Do you say it is children alone who evince such weakness? There are many grown children. “Curse the frost!” exclaims the disappointed fox-hunter in the country, as he saunters from the house to the stable—from the stable to the kennel—from the kennel to the house, where he takes up a newspaper, tosses it down again—paces the room—longs for dinner-time, and, with “the devil take the frost!” snatches up the paper a second time. “Confound the rain!—what shall we do?—was ever any thing so unlucky?—I never saw it otherwise when a pleasant excursion was planned!—it is too provoking!—we will expire of ennui!” Such and similar are the exclamations often heard from those whom rain has debarred from enjoying some arranged out-of-door pursuit, as they look out of the window, in very do-nothing wearisomeness—in a sort of self-discomforting apathy to every thing but fretful allusion to that not to be enjoyed. One would think they were suffering under the premeditated injustice of some arbitrary tyrant, actuated by the ambition of displaying his power, or influenced by the evil disposition of thwarting and vexing the unfortunates beneath his sway, and who had not merely destroyed, in wantonness, one source of enjoyment, but taken away the power to participate in any other. But unfavourable weather is what we neither can escape nor avert; nor should we murmur or fret over the change and chance we are forewarned of by ever-recurring experience—a casualty at once not to be averted, and habitual. And the same reasoning should induce the exertion of philosophic submission to inevitable evil through all life’s turn-ups on one hand, and teach

never to yield energy to obstacle on the other, but merely to give it a more favourable direction.

Precept, how much easier to offer than example! How ready we are to discover the mote in our neighbour’s eye, while we remain blind to the beam in our own! How much more apt is human nature to continue again erring, and again entailing subject for regret, than, by a vigorous effort of reason, to root up error and its source, and have the satisfaction of neutralizing the noxious effect for ever! Have not I been cherishing the imbecility I so much reprobate all this morning? But I have widely digressed.—In a word, my own called up the recollection of the irritation I have smiled to see my friend Rideout display, under circumstances not very opposite; my object and obstacle was scenery-hunting and rain—his, fox-hunting and frost; and I have strayed into the reflective strain. For the last hour or two I had been fretting and fuming, and succumbing to that sort of unwillingness to command my attention to any other object, since disappointed in that I had set my mind to. Shaking off, however, my half-wishing, half-despairing—my restless, comfortless do-nothingness, I called my pen to my aid, and have been endeavouring to deprecate the folly of wilfully poisoning other sources of enjoyment by unenduring impatience, because the weather, or other accident, has unexpectedly forbidden the particular pursuit you had marked out—to deduce that such weakness is its own curse—that energy opposed in one direction, should never be allowed to sink into inertness, but be forced to essay some other channel. The mind will soon accommodate itself to the substitution of one aim for another. It is wonderful what an effort persevered in will achieve. But to my own case.

The afternoon and evening of yesterday were beautiful beyond description. I assured myself it was to be followed by a tomorrow equally fine,—no day more charmingly suitable for an excursion, and I went to bed in anticipation of a delightful day, and an agreeable little tour,—gave orders to be called at six,—and—opened my eyes on a thick, wet, altogether atrocious morning. A prisoner at an inn,—no companion,—no book to be had but some “Account of the Covenanters,” and some numbers of “Henry’s Bible,”—nothing to do,—nothing to be seen or heard but the eternal wailer, and the everlasting rain, plump! plump! plump! in the river—but the street, before the window; not much matter of surprise I fretted a little. It was quite an interesting object, the mail whirling through the street,—the passengers on the outside enveloped in great-coats and cloaks, and crowded beneath umbrellas,—the horses smoking,—the

guard blowing his horn, but (no wonder) drawing, seemingly, only half its usual tones from it, as if the torrent had damped his ardour. I almost envied the group on the top. "Twere a living death to live alone." I could now do justice to the poet, when he says,

If solitude succeed to grief,
Relief from pain is small relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Could thank the pang that made it less.

Not much to be wondered at, I say, that I was a little "out of sorts;" but I reasoned with myself,—thought of my friend Rideout,

—had recourse to my pen,—and, though at first listless,—though itching to toss it down, by dint of resolution I have commanded my attention, and guillotined ennui and discomfort. I can now resolve, *con amore*, to make myself as comfortable as possible. I will scribble till dinner-time,—a newspaper, I have ascertained, I will be enabled to get as a companion to my cigar and tumbler of toddy after dinner,—and the hope of a fine day to-morrow will enable me to vegetate through the afternoon not unpleasantly, and to reach bed without any bilious accumulation.

R. C.

NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE.

The North American Review and Lord Byron.

We proceed to fulfil our promise. The North American has held very contradictory language with respect to Lord Byron, and we undertake to prove this assertion to the satisfaction of all who will listen to us with the disposition to judge candidly. Nine months ago, an article on Byron appeared in this review, which we shall contrast with that in the late number. We begin with the consideration of Lord Byron's satirical abilities.

North American Review, No. XLIX.

"His satire is violent, indiscriminating, and undignified. It is full of the coarse common places of abuse, with little range of thought or allusion. His blows are random and ineffectual. There is not much which has even the appearance of being characteristic of the individuals whom he assails."

Now then, taking No. 46 for our text, we may learn from No. 49 what is the *highest degree of excellence in satire*—i. e. to be violent, indiscriminating, and undignified—to use coarse common-places of abuse, to strike at random, and ineffectually, &c. (vide supra.) Oh! Samuel Johnson! how sadly didst thou blunder in thy definition of satire!

No. XLIX.

"He produced his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."—"It requires no great exercise of generosity to forgive such an attack. Byron had not the qualifications of a satirist. He wanted wit, facility of allusion, and quick perception of character. He wanted truth, or its substitute probability, and just principles of taste and moral judgment."—"Byron's suppression of his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' was no loss to his reputation, and little favour to those whom he had made the objects of his satire; for his attacks were not of a kind to be felt or remembered, even by them, except as mere intended insults or expressions of ill-will."

From the foregoing confronted extracts, offspring of the same review, with the difference of nine months between their ages, we gather the novel and marvellous information that the suppression of a work written with uncommon vigor and spirit, *one of the best poems* since the days of Cowper, was no loss to the reputation of its author! This is a new principle in the theory of loss and gain, and must assuredly furnish a most comfortable and consolatory reflection to all losers. On the same principle, we presume, the indorser of a protested note suffers no loss in his pecuniary affairs, even if the circumstance renders him some forty or fifty thousand dollars minus.

No. XLIX.

"Byron's resemblance to Pope is that of a satyr butting with his horns, to 'Hyperion with his glittering shafts of war.'"

North American Review, No. XLVI.

"In satire and in lyric poetry, both sublime and pathetic, he reached the highest degree of excellence."—"Lord Byron seems to have possessed a strong talent for satire, and if we could be sure that he would have directed it to proper objects, we should regret that he had not laboured more in this department."

No. XLVI.

"We come to the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, the work which commenced the author's reputation. We have already said that this was one of the best poems which had appeared at the time of its publication since the days of Cowper, and most good judges will probably concur in this opinion. It is written with uncommon vigor and spirit," &c.

No. XLVI.

"The best passages (in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers) will stand a comparison with the finest pages in Pope."

Did the lord of the silver bow ever before approximate so nearly the priest of the drunken Iacchus, as he does in the consideration of the preceding comparisons? In the one Byron is equal to Pope; and consequently in the other, Hyperion is no better than a satyr. Eheu Apollo, quantum cecidisti.

Thus much for the consistency of the North American on the subject of Lord Byron's talents for satire. Let us next contrast No. 46 and 49 in their remarks on Childe Harold.

No. XLIX.

In Childe Harold there is a "want of coherence, of mutual relation of parts, and of general purpose in the poem. His transitions are singularly abrupt and harsh. The associations which introduce one part after another, seem often to be purely accidental. Subjects which have no natural connexion, are thus brought together in strange confusion. The effect is almost as bewildering and unpleasant, as if a volume of sonnets were printed as a single work. It is a poem which resembles the walls of some modern erection, composed in part of ancient marbles, friezes, inscriptions, and reliefs—placed without order."—"Of the general level of the poetry, [first two cantos] the following stanzas are a fair specimen:

"So deemed the Childe as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way," &c.—continuing the quotation through seven verses; and

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth," &c.
with the five subsequent verses.

"At no very distant time, verses such as these were regarded by many as among the most admirable productions of the age. But if we are not altogether mistaken, the principal difference between them and prose too dull to find a reader, consists in the circumstance of their being written in stanzas. Some passages in these cantos rise above, and others fall below what we have quoted, for what we have quoted is merely *tame and prosaic*."

Here new light dawns upon us—here are power and freshness and vigour which are *tame*—here is elegance which is *prosaic*—here is spirited, vigorous, elaborate, and finished poetry which is little better than *prose too dull to find a reader*. Here is the apostrophe to Greece condemned as *tame and prosaic* in one breath, and lauded as one of the most successful passages of *first-rate* poetry, in the other.

No. XLIX.

"In these first two cantos there is *sometimes* an energy of conception and expression which their author *afterwards* displayed more fully."

Lord Byron ought to have been a little more *grammatical* in his progress. He first arrived at the *highest* point of excellence to which he *ever* attained, and *afterwards* displayed *more fully* his energy of conception and expression. However, we suppose that he had a right to advance in his own way, and that he chose this course because he was eccentric in every thing. We wish to be made acquainted with the name of this additional degree of comparison. And now for Don Juan:

No. XLIX.

Don Juan "was the last product of Byron's mind. The great merit aimed at in the work is drollery."—"It is rambling and incoherent, with frequent disregard of grammar and prosody."—"In reading it we may be reminded of what Medwin reports him to have said, 'Why don't you drink, Medwin? Gin and water is the source of all my inspiration.' One might have conjectured, perhaps, that a considerable part of it was written under such inspiration."

No. XLVI.

Childe Harold is "the work which first established the author's reputation, and upon which more than any other single one, it will ultimately rest. Considered as a series of descriptions and of moral and philosophical reflections, it deserves all the praise that has been bestowed upon it; and to pretend to criticise it in detail, would only bring us back again to the *pulchre, bene, optime*."—"There is a power and freshness in the thoughts, and a vigor and elegance in the style, that belong only to first rate poetry."—"The two first cantos are perhaps rather more spirited and vigorous, the two last more elaborate and finished. The substantial merit of *all* is about the same. One of the most successful passages is the apostrophe to Greece. The poet little thought when he was writing it, that his own bones would rest, and that so shortly, in the bosom of the land to which he was addressing these enchanting stanzas—

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth,"
&c. through eleven stanzas.

No. XLVI.

The first two cantos "exhibit the *highest* point of excellence, to which he ever attained. None of his *subsequent* writings evince greater power either of thought, imagination, or style."

No. XLVI.

"Childe Harold and Don Juan, to whatever technical class we may assign them, are master-pieces respectively in the serious and comic order. They rank in our opinion with the great epics of modern and ancient times."—"Don Juan, Beppo and the Vision of Judgment, "are executed with great power and success, and there is little to object to them in a literary point of view, except an occasional want of finish in the versification."

We are not making unfair and garbled extracts; therefore it is necessary to add the following from No. 49—"We read the first two cantos of *Don Juan* shortly after their appearance. The mass of buffoonery and profligacy which followed we had not seen till about to prepare the present article." The first two cantos of *Don Juan* at all events, are master-pieces, and rank with the greatest epics (No. 46) while *Don Juan* collectively might have been written under the inspiration of gin with a quant. suff. of water, (No. 49.) "Alas, poor *Epic*!"

Thus do Nos. 46 and 49 of the *North American* stand in the aspect of opposition to each other. In our next number we shall conclude the subject by an examination of the merits of No. 49 separately.

N. B. We have put several words in the extracts in italics.

Poems by Edward C. Pinkney, Baltimore:
Joseph Robinson, 1825.

Mr. Pinkney's volume is fraught with beautiful poetry: he is a man of genius and of education, and will bear comparison with the best poets in our country. The tone of his effusions is melancholy, and at times moody and severe, but almost every line shows the hand of a master "of the tuneful art." His classical allusions are finely introduced and happily expressed, and none of them are trite or common.

We proceed to cull from Mr. Pinkney's book, specimens which will justify our commendations. The following pieces are distinguished by a depth of feeling, a delicacy of reproach, and a spirit of generosity that bespeak a noble mind.

LINES

From the Port-Folio of H———.

No. I.

We met upon the world's wide face,
When each of us was young—
We parted soon, and to her place
A darker spirit sprung;
A feeling such as must have stirred
The Roman's bosom when he heard,
Beneath the trembling ground,
The god, his genius, marching forth
From the old city of his mirth,
To lively music's sound.

A sense it was, that I could see
The angel leave my side—
That thenceforth my prosperity
Must be a falling tide;
A strange and ominous belief,
That in spring-time the yellow leaf
Had fallen on my hours;
And that all hope must be most vain,
Of finding on my path again,
Its former, vanished flowers.

But thou, the idol of my few
And fleeting better days—
The light that cheered when life was new
My being with its rays—
And though, alas!—its joys be gone,
Art yet, like tomb-lamps, shining on
The phantoms of my mind—
The memories of many a dream
Floating on thought's fantastic stream,
Like storm-clouds on the wind!

Is thy life but the wayward child
Of fever in the heart,
In part a crowd of fancies wild,
Of ill-made efforts part?
Are such accurst familiars thine,
As by thee were made early mine?
And is it as with me—
Doth hope in birthless ashes lie,
And seems the sun an hostile eye
Thy pains well-pleased to see?

I trust, not so:—though thou hast been
An evil star to mine,
Let all of good the world has seen
Hang ever upon thine.
May thy suns those of summer be,
And time show as one joy to thee,
Like thine own nature pure:
Thou didst but rouse, within my breast,
The sleeping devils from a rest,
That could not long endure.

The firstlings of my simple song
Were offered to thy name;
Again the altar, idle long,
In worship rears its flame.
My sacrifice of sullen years,
My many hecatombs of tears,
No happier hours recall—
Yet may thy wandering thoughts restore
To one who ever loved thee more
Than fickle fortune's all.

And now, farewell!—and although here
Men hate the source of pain,
I hold thee and thy follies dear,
Nor of thy faults complain.
For my misused and blighted powers,
My waste of miserable hours,
I will accuse thee not:—
The fool who could from self depart,
And take for fate one human heart,
Deserved no better lot.

I reckon of mine the less, because
In wiser moods I feel
A doubtful question of its cause,
And nature, on me steal—
An ancient notion, that time flings
Our pains and pleasures from his wings
With much equality—
And that, in reason, happiness
Both of accession and decrease
Incapable must be.

LINES

From the Port-Folio of H———.

No. II.

By woods and groves the oracles
Of the old age were nursed,
To Brutus came in solitude
The spectral warning first,

When murdered Cesar's mighty shade
The sanguine homicide dismayed,
And fantasy rehearsed
The ides of March, and, not in vain,
Showed forth Philippi's penal plain.

In loneliness I heard my hopes
Pronounce, "Let us depart!"
And saw my mind—a Marius—
Desponding o'er my heart:
The evil genius, long concealed,
To thought's keen eye itself revealed,
Unfolding like a chart,—
But rolled away, and left me free
As Stoics once aspired to be.

It brought, thou spirit of my breast,
And Naiad of the tears,
Which have been welling coldly there,
Although unshed, for years!
It brought, in kindness or in hate,
The final menaces of fate,
But prompted no base fears—
Ah, could I with ill feelings see
Aught, love, so near allied to thee?

The drowsy harbinger of death,
That slumber dull and deep,
Is welcome, and I would not wake
Till thou dost join my sleep.
Life's conscious calm,—the flapping sail—
The stagnant sea nor tide nor gale
In pleasing motion keep,
Oppress me; and I wish release
From this to more substantial peace.

Star of that sea!—the cynosure
Of magnet-passions, long!
A ceaseless apparition, and
A very ocular song!—
My skies have changed their hemisphere,
And forfeited thy radiant cheer:
Thy shadow still is strong;
And, beaming darkness, follows me,
Far duskier than obscurity.

Star of that sea!—its currents bear
My vessel to the bourne,
Whence neither busy voyager
Nor pilgrim may return.
Such consummation I can brook,
Yet, with a fixed and lingering look,
Must anxiously discern
The far horizon, where thy rays
Surceased to light my night-like days.

Unwise, or most unfortunate,
My way was; let the sign,
The proof of it, be simply this—
Thou art not, wert not mine!
For 'tis the wont of chance to bless
Pursuit, if patient, with success;
And envy may repine,
That, commonly, some triumph must
Be won by every lasting lust.

How I have lived imports not now
I am about to die,
Else I might chide thee that my life
Has been a stifled sigh:
Yes, life; for times beyond the line
Our parting traced, appear not mine,
Or of a world gone by;
And often almost would evince,
My soul had transmigrated since.

Pass wasted powers; alike the grave,
To which I fast go down,
Will give the joy of nothingness
To me, and to renown:
Unto its careless tenants, fame
Is idle as that gilded name,
Of vanity the crown,
Helvetian hands inscribe upon
The forehead of a skeleton.

List the last cadence of a lay,
That, closing as begun,
Is governed by a note of pain.
Oh, lost and worshipped one!
None shall attend a sadder strain,
Till Memnon's statue stand again
To mourn the setting sun,
Nor sweeter, if my numbers seem
To share the nature of their theme.

The "Picture Song," is in a different strain—it is crowded with beauties.

PICTURE SONG.

How may this little tablet feign the features of a face,
Which o'er-informs with loveliness its proper share of
space:
Or human hands on ivory enable us to see
The charms, that all must wonder at, thou work of
gods, in thee!

But yet, methinks, that sunny smile familiar stories
tells,
And I should know those placid eyes, two shaded crys-
tal wells;
Nor can my soul, the limner's art attesting with a sigh,
Forget the blood, that decked thy cheek, as rosy clouds
the sky

They could not seem what thou art, more excellent
than fair,
As soft as sleep or pity is, and pure as mountain air:
But here are common, earthly hues, to such an aspect
wrought,
That none, save thine, can seem so like the beautiful of
thought.

The song I sing, thy likeness like, is painful mimicry
Of something better, which is now a memory to me,
Who have upon life's frozen sea arrived the icy spot,
Where men's magnetic feelings show their guiding task
forgot.

The sportive hopes, that used to chase their shifting
shadows on,
Like children playing in the sun, are gone—for ever
gone;
And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted
mind,
Like Janus when his gates were shut, looks forward
and behind.

Apollo placed his harp, of old, awhile upon a stone,
Which has resounded since, when struck, a breathing
harp-string's tone;
And thus my heart, though wholly now from early soft-
ness free,
If touched, will yield the music yet, it first received of
thee.

"The Indian's Bride" is a fascinating picture of love and happiness; it is the beau ideal of all Utopian dreams. In the following extract, the simile that we have put in italics is eminently beautiful.

Oh say not, they must soon be old,
 Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold!
 Yet envy I that sylvan pair,
 More than my words express,
 The singular beauty of their lot,
 And seeming happiness.
 They have not been reduced to share
 The painful pleasures of despair:
 Their sun declines not in the sky,
Nor are their wishes cast,
Like shadows of the afternoon,
Repining towards the past;
 With nought to dread, or to repent,
 The present yields them full content.
 In solitude there is no crime;
 Their actions are all free,
 And passion lends their way of life
 The only dignity;
 And how should they have any cares?
 Whose interest contends with theirs?

We dislike all fragments, even though they have the high authority of Byron. The longest piece in this volume, is entitled "Rodolph, a Fragment," and although it contains much fine writing and poetical imagery, we are not as well pleased with it as we are with the minor poems. Its moral is unpleasing; but there is great power displayed in the ravings of the maniac Rodolph—the strong feeling of passionate love glows in these lines.

"Ay, wrapt around a whiter breast,
 The shroud her body doth invest;
 But in that other world, her grave
 My soul and body both inter,
 There to enjoy the rest they crave,
 And, if at all, arise with her:
 Never may either wake, unless
 To her and former happiness!
 Yet how am I assured that rest
 Will ever bless the aching breast
 Which passion has so long possessed?
 At baffled Death's oblivious art
 This love perchance will mock,
 Deep-dwelling in my festering heart,
 A reptile in its rock:
 The warm and tender violet
 Beside the glaciers grows,
 Although with frosty airs beset,
 And everlasting snows;
 So, lying in obstruction chill,
 This stronger flower may flourish still.
 Oh, in the earth, ye Furies, let
 My thoughtful clay all thought forget:
 Suffer no sparkles of hot pain
 Among mine ashes to remain:
 Give, give me utterly to prove
 Insistent of the pangs of love!—
 —Why waver thus these forms? there lies
 A palpable blackness on mine eyes;
 And yet the figures gleam
 With the impressive energy,
 Which clothes the phantoms that we see
 Shown by a fever-dream.
 How the air thickens—all things move—
 'Tis night—'tis chaos—my lost love!"

We have been thus profuse in our quotations from Mr. Pinkney's volume, in order

that our readers may judge whether we are right or not in awarding to the author the greenest laurels. We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, and of course our praise, strong as it is, is unbiassed by personal predilections: it is a tribute of respect which we cheerfully pay to high and cultivated genius.

There are faults in Mr. Pinkney's volume; but we do not feel in the humour to dwell upon them after contemplating its numerous beauties, therefore, we beg leave to omit this part of the critic's duty.

The New-York Literary Gazette.

To ———.

'Twas in an evil hour we met,
 An evil hour to me and mine,
 And deeply doth my soul regret
 Its fond companionship with thine;
 Yet o'er thy grave it lingers still,
 Thou source of past and future ill.

To meet thee and to hear once more
 The words of love upon thy tongue—
 To feel as erst I felt, before
 Evils like serpents round me clung;
 To raise from Time's unsated tomb
 Joys which he gathered in their bloom—

To reunite hope's broken zone,
 Which round my heart was wreathed of
 Radiant and lovely, like the one [yore
 Which heavenly Cytherea wore,
 And lighting with its diamond beam
 The hours of passion's early dream—

This is not in my destiny,
 And I must learn to bear my doom,
 Which, fraught with present agony,
 Hath deeper terrors yet to come;
 Else, wherefore this foreboding pain
 That riots madly in my brain?

Else, wherefore this prophetic feeling
 That yet I have not seen the worst—
 Wherefore this dim, half-seen revealing
 Of storm-clouds, that are yet to burst
 Above my head, and pour in wrath
 Eternal ruin on my path.

Let the bolt fall—it is but just
 That I should bear the punishment
 For love untamed, for foolish trust,
 For days in passion's frenzy spent,
 For high and lofty energy
 Wasted in mad idolatry.

Yet still thou art a cherished thing;
 Thy dark and desolating spell
 Hangs o'er my spirit, withering
 Its powers and making earth a hell,

And rousing feelings madness-fraught,
Which load and torture every thought.
Yes, still thou clingest round my heart,
The shadowy idol of its dream;
Thy memory doth still impart
A cold and melancholy gleam,
Such as refracted sun-rays throw
Upon a waste of polar snow.
Thou comest to my dream of night,
From thy unblest, unhonoured grave,
Pallid and wan; thy fearful sight
My spirit hath no power to brave—
The hand of death hath laid thee low,
Then wherefore dost thou haunt me now?
Unceasingly must I bewail
The hour we met, thou fatal one;
Since then a tempest-woven veil
Hath hung between me and the sun,
And being hath been such a curse
That death can bring me nothing worse.
What am I now?—'Tis sad to think
On my past hours of destiny,
And well might I affrighted shrink
From evils that are yet to be.
But haughty pride shall bear me on
Through all that must be borne or done.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

NECROPOLIS.

Amid the noise and close pursuit of gain,
And strife of interest, and show, and glare
Of cities, death becomes a spectacle
Of sombre pomp to gaze on, not to feel;
A thing of stern necessity, which all
Idly believe they must encounter, when
Time summons; but they think not that a chance,
A step, a word, a look, may seal their fate,
And bear them on to ruin. The mere form,
The mantle of the grave so oft beheld,
Becomes familiar—but the thought that burns
Into the bosom, purifying all
The taints and blots of years, and leading on
The spirit to deep penitence for sin,
Comes not within the heart. Whene'er the soul
Contemplative would with the sacred dead
Hold still communion, living forms obtrude,
And blend the grossness and the poor parade
Of earth, into the pure essence of our thought;
And sounds, unmeet for meditation's ear,
Break on the holy solitude, and tear
The spirit from its loftiness, and bring
All the vain forms and unwise usages
Of the cold world between us and the skies.
But wouldst thou feel the deep solemnity
And awe, unmixed, if thou revere Heaven's law,
With dread fanatic, go thou to the grave
Of some poor villager, and contemplate
His silent burial! There thou wilt see
The coffin and the bier—the sable pall
And dark-rob'd mourners; and thine ear will catch
The dreary stroke of mattock and of spade;
And thou wilt hear that hollow, deathlike sound
Of falling clay—most awful, melancholy—
As in the city's mighty burying-place.

But less of forms, less of the world around,
More of the spirit of the scene—the flight
Unknown, of that most subtle thing call'd life,
The untravelled realms beyond thee, and the Judge
Immaculate, who waits thy coming—there
In solitude and silence thou wilt muse,
And bow thy spirit 'neath the throne of Heaven.

Tears shed when none can mark them must be pure,
Gushing from the full heart; and when the corse
Is laid within the narrow house, that holds
All man's ambition, love, and wealth, and hope,
And solitude doth shadow all the scene.
Lone on the hillside, thou (in passing near
To contemplate the last abode of earth)
Seest some pale mourner swayed by the grave,
Where the uprooted sods, new-placed in earth,
Wither to yellowness in the hot sun,
Thou mayst be sure the grief thou seest is true.
And it will do thy bosom good to mark
That silent mourner; more than loud lament,
And prayers profane—and showers of ready tears.
Such deep yet humble woe avails with Him,
Who gave the dead son living to the arms
Of her who had given worlds to see him live,
Yet ask'd not back the dead!—The saddest scenes
Of our mortality to searching minds,
Become a pleasure when the human heart
Pours its untainted feelings forth, and gives,
Like calm, deep waters, every image back
In nature unimpaired; there is no truth,
Howe'er uncultured, such an eloquence
Of joy or sorrow, as imparts its force
E'en to the hardest heart. And wouldst thou hope
To be remembered fondly after death,
Not with continual sighs and tears, but love,
Growing with thought, until it quite absorbs
The heart, and gives its utterance by deeds
Such as the mourner thinks thou wouldst approve
Living—go and resign thy breath to Him
Who gave it, mid calm nature's soft repose.
Then thou wilt sink into thy dreamless sleep
With many things to comfort thy departure—
Feeling when o'er thee comes the last cold thrill
Of shuddering nature, and thy voice grows weak
And hollow, and the dew upon thy brow
Wets the warm lips of love, and many grasp
Convulsively thy bloodless hand, that they
Will fondly think of thee when thou art gone,
And never speak thy name except in praise.

IRIS.

For the Phi Beta Kappa Repository.

LINES WRITTEN AT HOBOKEN, Oct. 9, 1825.

I love to wander on the shore,
To hear the rippling of the oar,
And watch the swiftly gliding boat
On the smooth waters proudly float,
And list unto the joyous song
Which on the gale is borne along;
Or sweetly as upon the ear
Music's soft strains fall sweet and clear,
When to his bed, beneath the hill,
The sun has sunk, and all is still,
I love to hearken to the breeze
Which wantons gaily through the trees;
And when the gentle queen of night
Sheds on our earth her softer light,
To throw me down, and gaze afar
Upon each little twinkling star.

The blighted leaves, which all around
By autumn's blast now strew the ground—
These yellow leaves appear to me
As emblems of man's destiny ;
But yesterday, they bloomed so fair—
Wither'd and dead, they now lie there,
A monument to mortal man,
Which tells his days are but a span.

ADA.

Well, indeed, may you deem,
That love is woe and pain,
That all its griefs are real,
And all its joys are vain.

While your creed of love is like
What you say that creed to be,
It is the heart creates
Its own bliss and misery.

To try, but not to trust—
To doubt, and to deride—
To trifle, and to torture ;
And can this be your pride ?

To bid the cheek grow pale,
The lip lose its gaiety,
The eye forget its light,
So it is for love of thee.

This could but teach the heart,
Its tenderness to hide,
For, deep as is woman's love,
'Tis equal'd by her pride.

What must a woman feel,
Whose very soul is given
To that wild love—whose world must be
Her all of Hell or Heaven ?

Then to meet the careless smile,
Look on the altered eye,
See it in others dwell, and pass
Herself regardless by.

And having drained the bitter dregs,
All bitterness above,
Of slighted love—then to be told,
'Twas but to try your love.

The heart that could bear this
Must be of stone or steel ;
The heart that broke not with such wrong,
Was not made love to feel.

Alas ! for her whose love
Is fated thine to be ;
Better the heart should break
Than break for one like thee.

L. E. L.

THE SOCIAL RIGHTS OF MAN :

Being a compilation from the various Declarations of Rights, submitted at different periods to the National Assembly and Convention of France, and recently arranged by Count Lamoignon in his "History of Constitutions."

NATURE made men free and equal ; the distinctions necessary for social order are founded only upon general utility.

Every man is born with inalienable and imprescriptible rights ; such as, the liberty of all his opinions,—the care of his honour

and his life,—the right of property,—the entire disposal of his person, of his industry, and of his faculties,—the communication of his thoughts, by all possible means,—the pursuit of happiness, and resistance to oppression.

The end of all political associations is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of individuals. These rights are liberty, property, safety, and resistance to oppression.

The end of all society is the public good.

All men are equal in the eye of the law.

The exercise of the natural rights is limited only in such degree as ensures the enjoyment of them to the other members of society.

Man receives from nature imperious wants, with means sufficient to satisfy them.

Society can only be formed by a free agreement amongst all the associates.

Every man is the sole proprietor of his own person : he may engage his services or his time ; but he cannot sell himself, the primary property being inalienable.

Every man should be free in the exercise of his personal faculties, provided he infringe not on the rights of others.

So, in like manner, no man is responsible for his thoughts or opinions ; every man has the right either of speaking or of remaining silent. No method of publishing his thoughts and sentiments should be forbidden to any man ; and, in particular, every man is free to write, print, or cause to be printed, whatever he thinks proper, always on the sole condition of not giving offence to the rights of others.

Every citizen is equally free to employ his hands, his industry, and his capital, as he shall think good and useful to himself. He may fabricate and produce whatever he please, and in what manner he may please ; he may retain or dispose of, at his pleasure, all sorts of merchandise, and sell them either wholesale or retail. In these different occupations, no particular person, no association has a right to restrict him, much less a right to prevent him. The law alone can mark the limits which must be given to this, as to every other liberty ; and such law must consist with the general principles of liberty.

Every man is, in like manner, able to go or to remain, to come in or to go out, and even to go out and return, into his country, whenever and however he may think proper.

In fine, every man has it in his power to dispose of and use his property and revenue in any manner he shall please.

A man can only be subject to laws consented to by him or his real representatives, and previously promulgated and legally applied.

[To be continued ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

Which is generally the most successful in life, the Modest or the Impudent Man.

A MODEST man, even if he possess merit, is generally a person diffident of his own abilities; he is also capable of seeing his own defects, and duly appreciating the excellency of others; he does not obtrude himself on the notice of the world but must be sought after, and when found can hardly be made to believe he possesses the merit he is praised for, and takes it to be only a friendly compliment. He always speaks highly of others, and is afraid of doing himself even common justice, lest he should be thought too assuming. He is too low in his own opinion to dare to solicit patronage, and humbly keeping his distance from society, he is soon neglected and forgotten. Being neglected by the world, he soon neglects himself; becomes a sloven, it may be, idle and dissipated, and a fine genius is lost to himself and to mankind. Now this often is the effect of too much modesty. There is a common trite saying that you can't have too much of a good thing. But every one will allow modesty to be a good thing, though I think the person alluded to has proved that he had too much. To try the subject on another ground, we will suppose him not to be so very modest, or, I may call it, weak-headed and bashful. He ought to be too modest to take to himself any undue praise, but he ought to accept what he knows he is deserving of without arrogance or even the appearance of it; he should neither be diffident nor assuming; in company he should show respect to others, and accept of that respect which is due to himself, and not dogmatically explain any subject, not even in his own occupation, but with deference to the opinion of others deliver his own with gentleness and mildness, and rather give up a point than contend it. This man, I should think, would be called a modest man, and be esteemed and patronised by the world in general.

Now for the impudent man.—The impudent man, not having any of the embarrassments of the modest man, can dress well, as he will find almost any tailor will trust him if he promises prompt payment, which he will willingly do, though, at the same time, he is conscious he never intends it, but by sheer impudence obtains his end, and boldly enters into good and genteel society, where he speaks highly of his own merit, depreciates the merits of his superiors in the same profession or occupation, and is believed, particularly if he sings a good song or acts some monkey grimaces, and becomes the fiddle of the company, and is highly applauded. Of course he gets their esteem, has

many invitations, accepts them boldly, and possibly soon acquires a good patron, although he may, for doing many little dirty actions, deserve to practise a few steps on the tread mill, as that has become a most fashionable and highly approved dance, and of much greater utility to society than the waltz, as requiring equal agility and energy. But should he be promoted to the tread mill, even there you may mark the superiority of impudence over modesty, for you may find a modest man for some inadvertent act, taking a little exercise there also, especially if he be found guilty of the sin of poverty. Or he may not have a friend to speak for him, and that is another crime; and he may be ignorant of the law, which few know much about, there being such a glorious uncertainty of it, that it frequently depends on the tip of the tongue of a skillful counsellor. Now I say impudence is a very useful accomplishment; for when the time is expended in which they are to take their lessons and they come to be dismissed, the modest man hides his face, is ashamed, and broken hearted, while the impudent man, with head erect and face unblushing, boldly enters the company even of his old associates, laughs at the fun, raises a laugh from all about him, and soon becomes their idol again. There is a possibility of some one or two persons who will neglect and despise him, but his impudence bears him through all that. The same tailor will trust him, the same company receive him, and all is forgotten. If he is industrious, he gets business; if he is idle or lazy, he gets treated: so he has an opportunity either of getting work, or of sponging on his friends. He will live by the name of the unfortunate man, though he ought to think himself very fortunate he was not transported; and the world may think itself very unfortunate in that he was not hanged. But impudence being his unerring guide, such is the world that he may be a bright fellow, and either by marriage or by gambling make a fortune.

Desultory thoughts.—One man marries a woman because she looks well when she dances—she never dances afterwards. Another man marries because the lady has a handsome foot and ankle, which, after marriage, he never takes the trouble to admire. A third marries for love, which wanes with the honey-moon. A fourth marries for money, and finds that his wife does not choose to die, to complete his satisfaction. And a fifth, being old in wisdom as in years, marries a young woman, who soon becomes a suitable match for him, by growing old with grief. Thousands do wrong because others have done the same before them, upon the grand principle that many *blacks* make a

while. Many embrace opinions different from those commonly received in order to show that they have a mind able to think for itself, and superior to what they call vulgar prejudices, without considering whether erroneous prejudices are better than those they have abandoned. All grumble at the unsubstantial nature of worldly enjoyments, and yet many purchase them at the expense of their souls. Hypocrites have a strange taste, neither to enjoy this life nor the next. Many write for religion, speak for it, quarrel for it, fight for it, die for it, but few live for it. It is not uncommonly remarked that such a one is "religious," by way of reproach, and that too by a Christian, at a tea party of Christians. Millions of people are most anxious about what they least require, and, after teasing themselves and others for many a weary day, they die—leave their cash to those who have no need of it—and are, for the first time eulogised, when the praise of man can avail them nothing.

Mr. Courtois, whose death at an advanced age has recently been recorded, was for many years a hair-dresser, in London.—By dint of extraordinary exertions in various ways, and through a most rigid system of economy in his expenditure, this man (who seemed to have no small portion of the Charteris and the Elwes blended in his composition) died immensely rich, having amassed, according to confident reports, nearly two hundred thousand pounds! Old Courtois was long well known in the purlieus of St. Martin's and the Haymarket. His appearance was meagre and squalid, and his clothes, such as they were, were pertinaciously got up in exactly the same cut and fashion, and the colour always either fawn or morone. For the last thirty years the venerable *chapeau* was uniformly of the same cock. The principal feat, however, in which this fervent votary of Plutus appeared before the public, was his curious and nearly fatal affair with the unfortunate Mrs. Maria Theresa Phepoe. About twenty years ago, this ill-fated woman projected a rather bungling scheme, in order to frighten her old acquaintance and visitor, Courtois, out of a considerable sum of money. One evening, when she was certain of his calling, she had her apartment prepared for his reception in a species of *funereal* style—a bier, a black velvet pall, black wax candles lighted, &c. No sooner had the old friend entered the room, than the Lady, assisted by her *Maid*, pounced on him, forced him into an arm chair, in which he was forcibly held down by the woman, while the Lady, brandishing a case knife or razor, swore, with some violent imprecations, *that instant should be his last*, if he did not give her an order on his banker for a large sum of money. The

venerable visitor, alarmed at the gloomy preparations and dire threats of the desperate female, asked for pen, ink, and paper, which being immediately produced, he wrote a check on his banker for (we believe) two thousand pounds. He immediately retired with precipitation, happy to escape without personal injury. The next morning, before its opening, he attended at the bank with some police myrmidons, and on Mrs. Phepoe's making her appearance with the check, she was arrested, and subsequently tried at the Old Bailey, on a capital charge, grounded on the above proceedings. However, through the able defence made by her counsel (now Mr. Justice Fielding), who took a legal objection to the case as proved, and contended that she never had or obtained *any property* of Mr. Courtois, on the principle that possession constituted the first badge or ownership, she was eventually acquitted. Truth, however, obliges us to add, that Mrs. Phepoe, who was once connected with a respectable family in the sister island, was in about four years after capitally convicted on a charge of cutting and maiming a poor woman, for which she suffered the last penalty of the law. Some years since, the late Lord Gage met Courtois, at the Court Room of the East India House, on an election business. "Ah, Courtois," said his Lordship, "what brings you here?"—"To give my votes, my Lord," was the answer. "What! are you a proprietor?"—"Most certainly."—"And more votes than one?"—"Yes, my Lord, I have *four*!"—"Aye, indeed! Why, then, before you take the book, pray be kind enough to *pin up my curls*?" with which modest request the Proprietor of *four* votes, equal to *ten thousand pounds*, immediately complied!

French Promises.—The Queen Marie Antoinette said to M. de Breteuil, "Baron, I have a favour to ask of you." "Madame," he replied, "if the thing be possible, it is already done; if impossible, it shall be done."

Epitaph from the Greek.

Pillars of death! carry'd syrens' tearful urns!
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
To him that near my tomb his footsteps turns,
Stranger or Greek, bid hail! and say, a maid
Rests in her bloom below; her sire the name
Of Myrtis gave: her birth and lineage high;
And say her bosom friend Erinna came,
And on the marble graved her elegy.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

JAMES G. BROOKS,

Editor and Proprietor, No. 4 Wall-street, New-York.
Subscriptions received by G. & C. Carvill, 127 Broadway—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post-office to the editor.

Terms—Four dollars per annum, payable in advance.

J. SKYMER, printer, 43 John-street.